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Winchester Cathedral

Winchester Cathedral

By

The Rev. William Benham, D.D.
Hon. Canon of Canterbury

Illustrated by
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Winchester Cathedral

TRAVELLERS from London to the ancient and once royal city of Winchester get a very fine view, as they draw near it, of a wide stretch of downs on both sides of the railway, but that on the left much the widest. The great sweeping undulations of smooth green turf, with here and there a wood dotted over them, have been the scene of many a conflict in olden days, and many legends and traditions belong to particular sites. Half the counties of England claim the house of the tragedy of the "Mistletoe Bough," but the village of Owslebury, of which I can see the church

tower and the windmill, claims to possess the fatal chest itself. More certain is the story that in this church the last Mass was sung in the days of Edward VI. The priest refused to give up the old service, and Sir Thomas Seymour, brother of the Lord Protector, dragged him from the altar and had him murdered there and then. This Seymour had enriched himself with the property of the Church, and every one of his children came to beggary.

One conspicuous object has disappeared which I well remember on the most isolated of these downs: the Semaphore. The roof of the house, which stood on the apex of the hill, was furnished with signals, and there was a continuous line of them all the way to London. They were established in 1795, in the period of the great French war, to convey intelligence from Southampton and Portsmouth to London. The electric telegraph has superseded them, and most if not all of

these "houses set on a hill" have been pulled down.

If we could take a bird's flight from our carriage window to the top of those downs, we should get a beautiful view. On one side is a great panorama of villages towards Alresford and Alton, with Tichbourne down below us; on the other side that long white streak amid the deep green is Southampton Water, with the New Forest on the farther side of it; and those downs beyond are the broad acres of Wilts, and with a glass you can see Salisbury spire.

But I am letting imagination and memory run riot, for I am in the train and not on the Winchester downs. As the said train slackens speed we catch one glimpse, and only one, of the low central tower of the Cathedral. Very little of the city is visible from the station, for it lies in a hollow, and the shoulder of the hill which flanks the Station Road on the city side hides it.

But just for a moment let us change our

imaginary route, and come up the other way from Southampton. The estuary narrows into the clear sparkling river Itchen; not majestic like Father Thames, nor picturesque with hills and deep reaches like the Dart; yet with a tranquil beauty of its own, with the rich meadows and villages on its banks. The down on our left, clothed as usual with short grass, and ever and anon showing a white chalk-pit, is Hursley Down, and who that hears of Hursley will fail to associate it with the name of John Keble? And so after a twelve-mile run we are once more nearing Winchester, but the approach on this side is one of rare beauty. Look at that magnificent Norman church, with the simple yet beautiful buildings around it, and the fine gateway, and beyond it the meadows and the shining river. That is the noble hospital of St. Cross, the work of two of the most famous bishops of Winchester; Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, built the church, and Cardinal Beaufort the

The Abbey Mills

gateway and the "Hundred men's hall." St. Cross lies about a mile south of the city; immediately after passing it we get a full view of the Cathedral in its vast massiveness.

On alighting, we may go down the broad but short Station Road, to the site of the old city wall, turn to the right along Jewry Street, and so come into the middle of the "High." But instead of this we will keep along a footpath beside the line over the rising ground I have before mentioned. This brings us to the top of the "High," and we turn down it to the left. It is a continuous but not steep descent for the whole length of the city. And Winchester High Street is the most picturesque that I know, at home or abroad. The upper street is not attractive till we come to the fine West Gate, which marks the line of the ancient wall on this side. Before passing through it we glance at the County Hall on our right.

The history connected with it is not altogether pleasing. Charles II. had it in his mind to build a great palace here which should rival that of his brother (and master), Louis XIV., at Versailles. There were to be fine roads and broad terraces, reaching down from the palace to the west front of the Cathedral, in such wise as to make the latter a mere appendage to the royal residence. What a grievous burden the French palace was, and what a frightful tragedy to the King's family it played no small part in producing, history knows too well. England was perhaps spared a like tragedy by the profligate King's death. The part which he built is now turned into the barracks. But in the ancient hall adjacent hangs the celebrated Round Table at which, so legend tells, the knights of King Arthur sat. On the site of this hall William Rufus held godless festival, and in it Judge Jeffreys sentenced Alice Lisle to death.

As soon as the West Gate is passed the

picturesque character of the street becomes manifest. The buildings are not stately; but the gables and varied heights, the low arcades, the great projecting clock, the graceful "Butter-cross," all present an enchanting appearance; the more so because some of the best shopkeepers have preserved the quaint fronts which were good enough for their forefathers, and have not been bitten by the desire for plate-glass. One of the most old-fashioned shops formerly belonged to one who is said to have been the most prosperous tradesman in Winchester. "However have you been able to make so much money?" said a friend to him. "By always charging very high, and bowing very low," was the unhesitating answer.

We descend the High Street as far as the Butter-cross, and examine it at leisure. Its surroundings are almost as picturesque as itself. Look at that "Piazza," formerly better called "the Penthouse," the houses overhanging the street, the odd gables and

bargeboards and rough ridge-tiles, and say what Continental city has a more perfect setting for a piece of beautiful architecture. There is no written record of the origin of this cross. Its details prove it to be of the fifteenth century, and we may take it for certain that it was the work of Cardinal Beaufort, who was zealous for such erections. The popular name has been explained as owing to its having been paid for by licences to eat butter in Lent, like the "Butter-tower" in Rouen Cathedral. Against this others allege that the name simply refers to the steps having been used on market days for the dairymen to put their butter upon. The fact deserves to be recorded that in 1770 Winchester actually had a town council who sold the cross to the Paving Commissioners for its materials, and it would there and then have been broken up had not the indignant burgesses arisen and prevented the outrage.

A queer little archway close by the cross

The Butter-cross

would lead us into the Cathedral yard, but instead of entering it we pass on down the High Street. At the bottom is the very handsome new Town Hall, which need not detain us, and just beyond that is the river. Here is the bridge that spans it. It is the site of one of the many picturesque legends of St. Swithun, that of the old woman's broken eggs, which he restored to her. But it also marks the former limit of the navigability of the Itchen. This river used to be popularly called, and may be so still for aught I know, "the barge river." But the barges, which used to come up from Southampton laden with coals and heavy merchandise, are all at an end, thanks to the South Western Railway. Every one of the old locks is in ruins, and the Itchen is now only a fishing river.

Here then we get the reason of the site of the ancient city. Dr. Kitchin, sometime Dean of Winchester but now Dean of Durham, in his short but masterly history

of it, dwells upon the fact that it is really the end of the practicable valley. Comers up from the sea, first Celts, then English, reached thus far, and here under shelter of the downs built their inland city, known in the earliest records as Gwent (=White City) of the Belgæ, *Venta Belgarum*. The "white" probably refers to the chalk escarpment, visible on all sides. Immediately beyond the bridge St. Giles's Hill rises abruptly in front of us, and the city ends, the road turning left and right, the former over Magdalen Hill to Alresford, the latter to Southampton.

Retracing our steps now to the cross, we turn into the little "Square," as it is called, leading to the Cathedral yard, and pass the quaint church of St. Lawrence, popularly believed to be the mother church of Winchester. There is no real evidence of this, but the belief is recognised by the fact that the bishops are sworn in there before going in procession to the Cathedral to be en-

throned. And now we are in the Cathedral yard, a spot crowded with historical memories. At the corner we entered, reaching from Great Minster Street to Market Street, and from the High Street to the Square, was the palace of William the Conqueror; east of that, as far as the end of the Cathedral yard, was "the New Minster"; and beyond that again St. Mary's Abbey of Nuns, the Nunnamestre. The New Minster, so called to distinguish it from the Old, that is the Cathedral, with its monastery, was founded by King Alfred, under the learned St. Grimbald, for the purpose of the education of priests and young nobles of his court. Within this New Minster Alfred himself was buried.

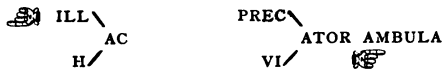
But now look at the Cathedral west front through the stately vista of limes, and the huge nave. No one will deny that it looks heavy in its massiveness, with nothing to break the lines, only a very low tower at the intersection of the transepts in their great

Norman simplicity almost as Bishop Walkelin left them eight hundred years ago. It is all very grand and solemn in the still churchyard, but the visitor at first sight would hardly put this in the first rank of cathedrals. There is not the grace of Salisbury, nor the rich ornament of Lichfield, nor the stately towers of Canterbury and York, nor the splendid situation of Durham and Lincoln. Massive grandeur, but not beauty will be his first judgment, but let him suspend that judgment till he gets inside; meanwhile we will walk round the exterior.

We pass the west front, which has a large Perpendicular window, and doorways of curious sharp-pointed arches. These are the work of Bishop Edyngdon (middle of fourteenth century). Then we come at the south-west corner to a narrow passage which conducts us round into the Cathedral close. This passage, called the Slype,* was con-

* "*Slype* [cf. Dutch *sleipdeur* = a secret door; *sleiphol* = a corner to creep into; *slupen* = to sneak,

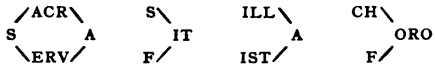
structed by Bishop Curle (1636), in order to save the Cathedral from the desecration of a footway which went through it. It has these curious inscriptions upon it:



Illac precator, hac viator ambula. ("Worshipper, go that way; traveller, this.")

CESSIT COMMUNI PROPRIUM JAM
PERGITE QUA FAS.

"Private right has yielded to public, now go by the way which is open to thee."



"Let that way be sacred to the choir, and this is made handmaid to the market-place."

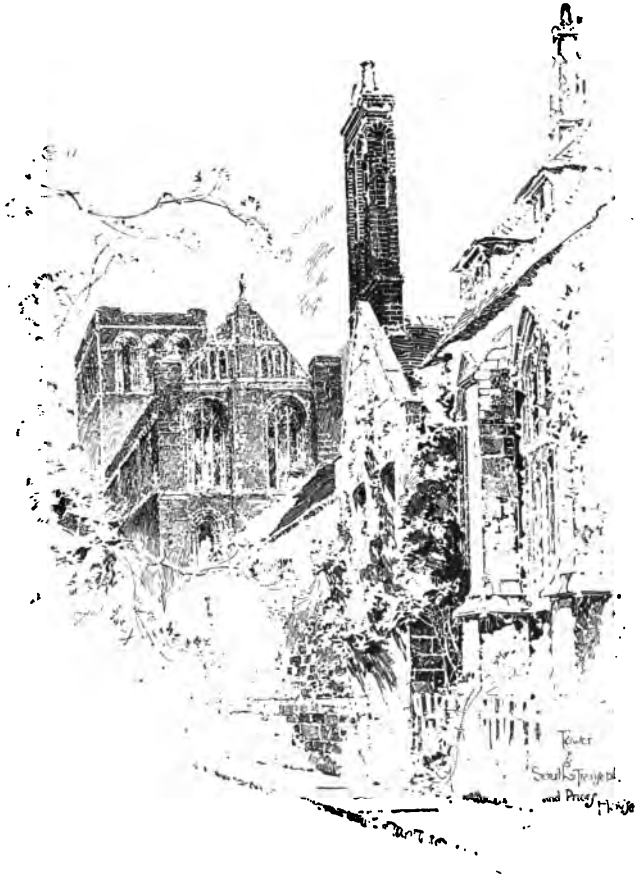
Entering the Cathedral close we have the great nave north of us, and south transept and the deanery on the east. Here then, as

to slip], a passage between two walls."—*Encyclopædic Dictionary.*

we stand in the close, is the best place for sketching the history of the Cathedral.

Birinus, the apostle of Wessex, came hither in 634, but though Winchester was then the royal city, he went on further, to Dorchester on the Thames; there fixed his see, and there baptized the West Saxon king. At that moment the latter was hoping to push his dominions further north, into middle England, but was disappointed in that hope, and before long (in 676) the see was transferred to Winchester. A cathedral was built and a monastic house was attached to it. When Egbert, the King of Wessex, became King of all England, in 827, Winchester participated in his greatness. He died nine years later and was buried in the Cathedral.

A mortuary chest is still to be seen bearing his name, but more of that presently. Soon after his death came an evil time, that of the invasions of the Danes, but the resistance made by his son, Ethelwulf, to these


Tower
South Transept.
and Priest's House

fierce invaders added glory to Winchester, for while other kingdoms of the Heptarchy came to grief, Wessex still held up its head. Ethelwulf had a wise counsellor in his bishop, St. Swithun, who persuaded him to build a strong wall round the Cathedral precincts. More than once that wall saved the Cathedral from being harried. The Danes burnt Canterbury Cathedral, but not Winchester. And that wall, now more than a thousand years old, is still to be seen, or one reared on its foundations. In the illustration showing the "Close Gate," we see the way through King Ethelwulf's wall into the street on the south which was the termination of the city on that side. The street is well called by the name of St. Swithun, and a very curious little church over an archway just outside is dedicated to him.

Nothing of the Cathedral of that date remains, though its records are many. Notably the burial of St. Swithun, first in

the Cathedral yard somewhere near the north-west tower, afterwards in the church itself, and the stories of Canute, of Queen Emma and the hot ploughshares, of Earl Godwin, of Dunstan and his forcing monastic rules upon the reluctant clerics, all antedate this church as we see it now. Its founder was Walkelin, the Conqueror's cousin, and the simple yet majestic Norman transepts are the portions of his work which remain.

This close in which we are standing is the part most connected with mediæval Winchester, for in and around it was the ancient monastery of St. Swithun, from which the Cathedral was served. Here, in the angle of the transept and nave, were the cloisters. The present Deanery was the prior's refectory, and its fine timber roof now covers dining-room, drawing-room, and three bedrooms. The beautiful doorway, with its three arches, is supposed to have been the work of Bishop Godfrey de Lucy. Here the pilgrims, who

had come over sea from Southampton on pilgrimage to worship at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, received food before passing on, and it is said that bones and animals' teeth are still found from time to time below the surface. Northward is the site of the old chapter-house, where the remains of the seats are yet visible. Close by was the "monks' parlour," and on the site of the Bishop of Guildford's house was the infirmary.

When the monasteries were dissolved by Henry VIII., a momentous change came over the position of the cathedrals. From that time they were classified as cathedrals respectively of the "old" and the "new foundation." The "old" were those which had always been served by secular canons, each man dwelling in his own house, not in a monastery. There were thirteen of these, among them York and London. There were nine which had monasteries attached to them, including Canterbury, Durham, and

Winchester. Now the head of the monastery was the bishop; he was its abbot, as well as bishop of the diocese; and his representative in the monastery, ruling as his deputy, was the prior. When the change came, therefore, to these, and the monks were turned out, secular canons took their places, and the *Prior* became *Dean*. Kingsmill, who had been Prior of St. Swithun's, became the first Dean of Winchester. This is how it comes that such ancient cathedrals as Canterbury and Winchester are said to be of the new "foundation."

But to resume our history of the building. In 1107 Walkelin's central tower fell in; there were people who said it was because the church had been profaned by the burial of the wicked Red King in the chancel. It was built up again, but it is impossible to say how. Other works were in hand which claimed precedence, notably the removal of the New Minster from the Cathedral yard to Hyde Meadow, in the north part of the city,

and the foundation of the first of the Cistercian abbeys, at Waverley, near Farnham. These were the work of Bishop Gifford, Walkelin's successor. The frightful civil war between Stephen and Matilda was nowhere felt more than at Winchester; half the city was burnt down in the course of it, but, happily, the Cathedral escaped. The bishop at that time, Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother, was able, rich, ambitious. He changed from one side to the other, not recklessly, but because both parties in turn angered him by bad management and cruelty. He did some noble things, and, as Dean Kitchin observes, "is in some ways the greatest of Winchester bishops." We have before alluded to his foundation of the Hospital of St. Cross. The present Cathedral owes to him two features. The one is the chest of relics which he placed in the crypt; the other is the beautiful font, similar to three others in the county, and unlike any other anywhere else in England; a square base, on which stands a thick

circular shaft, and four smaller ones at the corners, supporting the bowl, which has a square exterior and circular basin. The material is black marble, and the sides are deeply carved, two in the Winchester font with symbolic figures, the others with incidents from the legendary life of St. Nicholas of Myra. The subjects differ in the other fonts. Their history is unwritten. The guide-books have followed one another in saying that "they are, no doubt, of Walkelin's time;" but there is a great deal of doubt, to say the least. The carving seems to be Byzantine, and a well-known antiquary, Mr. F. J. Baigent, who has made almost a life-study of Winchester records, has found evidence which satisfies him that they were the gift of Bishop Henry de Blois. But controversy is still active on this question.

The next great name in the history of the Cathedral is that of Bishop Godfrey de Lucy, who, in the year 1200, began to remove the Norman east end and to rebuild it in the

The Close Gate.

beautiful Early English style then in vogue. It is well known that in the olden time, when repairs or additions were made to churches, the builders did not go on the original plan, but adopted the style then in use. But Bishop Godfrey made one notable exception to this practice. He is said to have rebuilt Walkelin's tower, and, out of respect to his memory, to have followed the old Norman plan. His work in the Cathedral was not his only benefaction to the diocese. He gathered the waters of the Itchen to a head at Alresford, and so made a prolific fish-pond; and it was he who made the river again navigable from Winchester to the sea. His new work at the Cathedral, as will be seen at a glance, is much lower than that of Walkelin. The frontispiece shows that, but it will also be seen that this picture does not show the east end as Lucy left it; for there are Perpendicular windows. When they were added we shall see later, but the core of the building, as seen from the inside, is his.

We come now to the Perpendicular builders, and the wonderful metamorphosis which they effected. There were two of them —Edyngdon (1345–1367) and William of Wykeham (1367–1404)—and to their immediate successors also, one after another, the Cathedral and city owe very much.

Edyngdon set himself to restore the nave, as Lucy had done the east end. He pulled down the Norman west front and rebuilt it as it is,* and he had begun to go eastward, but died before he had made much progress. The name of his successor is that of one of the most splendid builders in our annals. William of Wykeham was a native of the county, who had been placed at school in Winchester by the bounty of a rich man who recognised his ability. The boy in due course took minor orders, but had never been to a university, and was never a learned man; but his talent for mathematics and for

* Ruskin in his "Stones of Venice" makes a furious attack upon it.

drawing was so marked that he was introduced to King Edward III., was made clerk of the works at Windsor, and built there the famous Round Tower. His religious life keeping pace with his practical work, he became at length Bishop of Winchester.

There is no doubt he had been as a right hand to Edyngdon in that prelate's masonic work. His method of working, though he, like Edyngdon, built in the Perpendicular style, was altogether different from his predecessor's, and it is one of the most wonderful achievements in the history of art. He did not pull down; he left Walkelin's work standing, and even so transmuted that heavy Norman nave into the graceful beauty of the new style. And he, too, changed his method as he proceeded. His first plan was to cut Perpendicular mouldings in the great Norman pillars, but afterwards he encased them with new stone; and he cleared away the heavy triforium. And thus nave and transepts are now so utterly unlike

that it is difficult for a while to realise that one is only a modification of the other. Details can only be mastered by a personal visit, but Professor Willis, in his careful monograph on this cathedral, shows how on close examination you may find some of the Norman work still existing.

So, with a few minor alterations, yet to be named, Winchester Cathedral took the form which it has retained ever since, and the visitor entering at the west door sees before him the joint work of Walkelin and William of Wykeham. It is a vista of magnificence which, almost like the first sight of the sea or the Alps, impresses itself on the memory for one's life. The wooden screen shown in our sketch of the choir is modern, the work of Sir Gilbert Scott, and is a joint memorial to Bishop Wilberforce and Dean Garnier. Of the Perpendicular window in the distance and the screen below it we will speak presently. But let the reader understand that that distant window is by no means the east

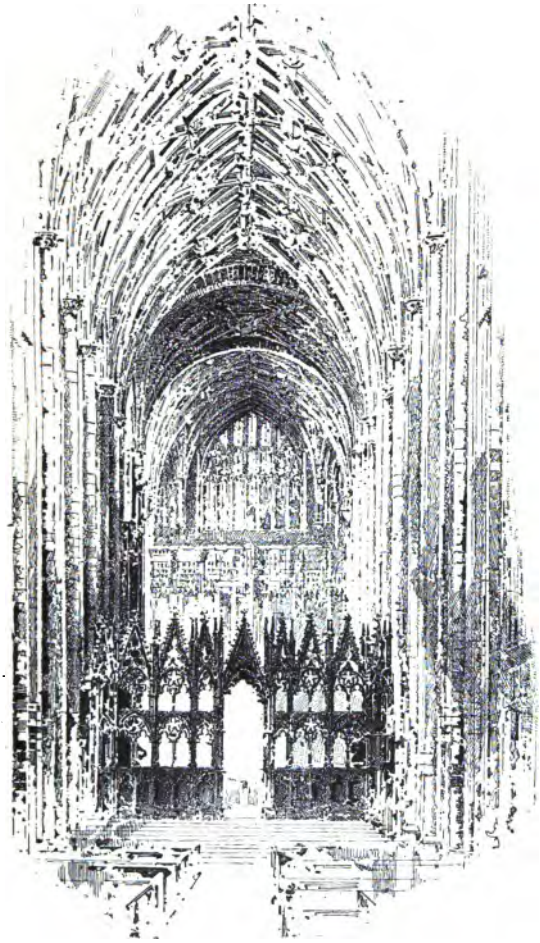
end. Godfrey de Lucy's beautiful work is all behind it, clean out of our present vision. By stepping, however, into one of the aisles we can get a good idea of the extraordinary length, though nowhere can we see from end to end.

But the noblest work of Wykeham was not his restoration of the Cathedral, magnificent as that was. His foundation of New College, Oxford, and of the world-famed school at Winchester, has won for him the name of "founder of the English public-school system." These are works which do not come within the scope of these pages; we can only say that no visitor to Winchester should fail to pass out of the Close by the gateway which we have already presented to the reader, and keeping along the outside wall eastwards, ask to be allowed to visit Wykeham's glorious "St. Mary's College."

Nor must he omit another pilgrimage, namely to St. Cross, which Henry de Blois founded, and to which Wykeham's successor,

Cardinal Beaufort, made such grand additions. He will enter Beaufort's gateway, call at the hatch for Beaufort's dole, and receive a piece of bread and a horn of "home-brewed." And if his belief in the communion of saints take this form he will say a *Requiescant* for the souls of the founders before committing himself to the guidance of one of the "brethren," in their long coats with the Maltese cross on their breasts, to go round and see what noble deeds those men of old wrought.

Truly the roll of Winchester bishops all through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is a splendid one, and the very mention of it is the proper introduction to two special features of the interior of the Cathedral, which, if not absolutely unique, are unspeakably superior in kind to anything else in England. But first let us set down the succession for the hundred years after Beaufort's death :—William of Waynflete (1447–1487), Peter Courtenay (1487–1493), Thomas



The Choir

Langton (1493–1500), Richard Fox (1501–1528), Cardinal Wolsey (1528–1531), Stephen Gardiner (1531–1555). What a wonderful roll it is! But our immediate concern is with the Cathedral building. Take first Courtenay. He was a member of the noble family of that name, still held in honour in Devon, and was translated from Exeter. But he was almost worn out when he came here, and died in a few years. (By the way, let it be noted that the three bishops preceding him had ruled the diocese for one hundred and twenty years. Within the same time following them there were thirteen.) Bishop Courtenay added another bay to the east end, to Bishop Lucy's Lady Chapel. And by doing so he made this cathedral longer than St. Alban's Abbey, which had hitherto been the longest church in England; in fact, the longest cathedral in the world, except St. Peter's at Rome. Courtenay was buried in the Cathedral; but as there is no tomb to him, the Devonshire people used to

cling to the idea that he was laid among his ancestry at Powderham. In 1885, however, his coffin was found in that part of the Cathedral which he had built, and there is now a handsome altar-tomb enclosing this coffin. Then Langton. His prior was Thomas Hunton, and between them they added some very charming work to the south side of the Lady Chapel. The guides show you the rebuses of their names in the vaulting; the musical note called a "long" in a tun for "Langton," and a hen on a tun for Hunton. Next Fox, whose prior, Silkstede, was also a great improver of the Cathedral. The fine pulpit is his; it has a skein of silk and a steed as his rebus. There is a chapel in the south transept called Silkstede's chapel, but it does not appear to have any work of his. But of Bishop Fox we have more to tell.

We have already said there are two unique features in the Cathedral. Look at the screens at the sides of the choir, and the six

mortuary chests upon them. It is the work of Bishop Fox. Cnut, and Queen Emma, and many early kings and bishops had been buried in the crypt by Bishop de Blois. Fox brought forth the bones, and put them together in these chests, and inscribed the names upon them, though he had found no names in the original resting-place. But even if he had been able to identify each skeleton, there would be uncertainty enough now, for the Parliamentary soldiers are said to have dragged them forth in search of treasure.

The second feature is the chantries. No other cathedral is half so rich in them. They are chapels built by bishops in their lifetime for their last resting-places. The first which meets us as we enter at the western door is Wykeham's, between the fourth and fifth nave pillars on the south side. Five "bays" farther on is Edyngdon's. The effigy of Wykeham, with flesh and robes coloured "proper," is accompanied by the figures of

three monks in prayer and some angels. It is startling to notice that the great builder-bishop has cut away more than a third of the two nave-pillars to make place for it. But he seems to have known what he was about, for there are no signs of breakage or displacement of the structure. There are seven of these chantries; the two finest are those of Beaufort and Fox. Beaufort, it will be remembered, is cruelly represented by Shakespeare as dying in despair—

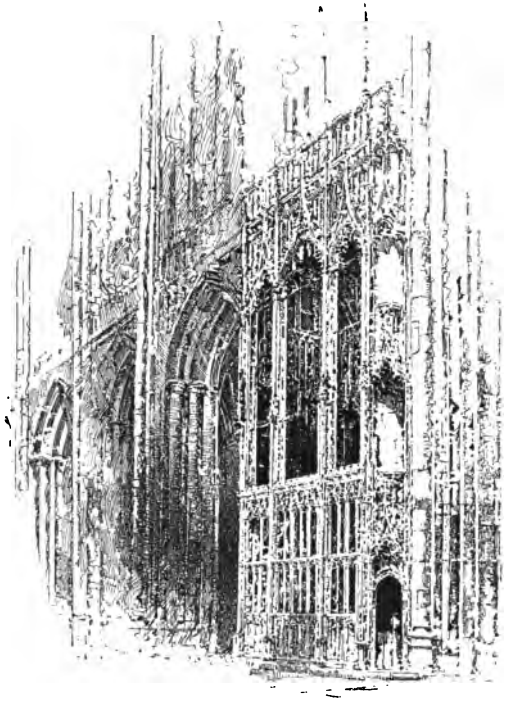
> "Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss
> Hold up thy hand: make signal of thy hope.
> He dies, and makes no sign!"

Beaufort's last will, signed two days before his death, breathes a humble and pious hope in the mercy of God through Christ. Able and politically wise as he was, no one can deny that he was ambitious and selfish. "One cannot," writes Dean Kitchin, "look at his effigy, as it lies in his stately chantry,

without noting the powerful and selfish characteristics of his face, and especially the nose, large, curved, and money-loving. The sums Beaufort had at disposal were so enormous that he was the Rothschild of his day. More than once he lent his royal masters enough money to carry them through their expeditions." Good old Bishop Fox, able, wise, sweet of temper, and greatly beloved by the citizens and monks, was blind for ten years before his death, and was daily led into his chantry to meditate on the past and future, and to listen to the chant of the service. His chantry has no effigy, nor has Gardiner's, nor Orlton's, nor Langton's. Gardiner had gone with King Henry in the first days of the Reformation, but had become alarmed by its course, and threw himself entirely into the work of Mary. But there seems good reason to believe that he died with a good deal of Lutheran theology in his soul. We cannot leave these chantries without noting that they contain the tombs of

some of the noblest of England's benefactors —Wykeham, the school founder; Waynflete, the founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, and of other good works besides; Fox, the founder of Corpus Christi; and Beaufort, of the "House of Noble Poverty" at St. Cross. It is commonly said that they were saved from destruction in the Civil War by the Parliamentarian captain, Fiennes, who was an old Wykehamist, and zealous on behalf of his Alma Mater.

The royal dignity of Winchester waned as that of Westminster rose, but the city was much visited by monarchs all through the Middle Ages, and two royal marriages during that period were celebrated in the Cathedral. Henry IV. married Joan of Navarre there, apparently as an act of civility to Wykeham, whom his father had uniformly persecuted; his namesake, Henry I., had married Saxon Matilda there; and there Philip of Spain married Queen Mary. The chronicle tells how, coming up from Southampton in a storm, he



Wykeham's Tower

D

was received at the three-arched doorway of the Deanery "dripping wet;" and how there was a splendid procession through the western door on the nuptial day. Queen Mary's chair is one of the objects shown by the Cathedral guides. *Sunt lacrymæ rerum.*

No see can show so many bishops who were canonised; none has had so many bishops who were also Lord Chancellors. There were eleven of them, the last being Wolsey. It must be confessed that the roll of post-Reformation bishops makes a sorry show as compared with their predecessors. Two worthy names are found in the seventeenth century: Lancelot Andrewes, who, however, is not buried here, but in St. Saviour's, Southwark, and George Morley. It was a characteristic of the reformed faith to bring the laity forward, and bishops were no longer the most prominent figures. As one walks through the aisles and ponders on the monuments of the later prelates, one sees history not obscurely written on the stones.

Take Hoadly's wretched memorial, with the Magna Charta and the Bible engraved on it, the crozier, and the cap of liberty. Another "terrible Whig preacher," but a mild and gentle nonentity, was Bishop Willis. His effigy is on the south wall, and there is a tale that the artist, having forgetfully turned the face westward instead of eastward, died straightway of grief. It is not true, for he lived many years after. A similar legend is told of several statues on horseback, how the sculptor committed suicide because he had forgotten the stirrups. I have heard this myth of George IV.'s statue at Charing Cross, and of William III.'s at Petersfield.

It is significant, too, that in the latest monuments there has been a return to recumbent figures. Those of recent prelates have been a marked improvement on their predecessors', and partly for this reason, partly because of the Gothic revival, there has been this return. By far the most elaborate is Bishop Wilberforce's in the

south transept. It has a fine canopy and rich ornament. The more reason for sorrow that the face is simply hideous through a flaw in the alabaster, looking as if it was seamed with scrofula, or disfigured by a great burn. It is much to be wished that the head may be removed and a fresh one substituted. We have only space to call attention to the flat stone close by which covers the remains of Izaak Walton, and bears a pretty inscription by his brother-in-law, Ken. Literature has another worthy name here, that of Jane Austen, and in the nave is buried Cowper's intimate friend, William Unwin. Making a tour through southern England, he was seized at Winchester with typhus fever, and died in 1786.

Never had the Cathedral a more zealous or a more wise custodian than Dr. Kitchin during his tenure of the deanery. To his love of the venerable pile entrusted to his guardianship and to his reverent care of the memorials of its history, we are indebted for a

noble work of restoration. The magnificent screen, begun by Beaufort and completed by Fox, is unsurpassed by any work of the kind. The central figure was, of course, a colossal crucifix, and in perpendicular niches, arranged in three tiers, were figures of saints, eighteen larger, and between thirty and forty smaller. These were all destroyed in the sixteenth century, and the Dean zealously undertook the task of restoring their ancient splendour. The great cross in the midst still remains blank. It will, we hope, before long, be filled with a figure of the Saviour, "reigning in glory from the tree," following the more ancient idea of avoiding the depiction of suffering. The niches are all filled with figures, first of those saints who are the inheritance of the Church at large—the Apostles—and the four great doctors, Augustine, Gregory, Jerome, Ambrose. Then come worthies of the see, St. Birinus, the first bishop, standing beside the figure of the Virgin; Swithun, patron saint of the church;

Benedict, the founder of the order to which the Priory belonged; Giles, the hermit saint who used to abide close by, but not in, the haunts of men, and who gives his name to the tall hill just outside the city, where in mediæval times a great annual fair brought much money to the monastery. The Queen gave the figure of Edward the Confessor; the colleges those of the respective founders, whose names we have already mentioned; the Dean gave King Alfred, who, it will be remembered, lies buried in the city, though the memory of the exact spot has been lost. Later times are not forgotten, for there are figures of Ken, Keble, and Walton—not the least memorable of the many names associated with the story of Winchester.

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